Lod. Who I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: —get you away,
Ile send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speake
What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue seene nothing then. *Em.*

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did
Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cass*
Em. But then I saw no harme, and
Each sillable that breath made vp bet
Oth What, did thy neuer whisper
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way
Em. Neuer.
Oth To fetch her fan, her mask, her
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em I durst my Lord, to wager she
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse
If any wretch ha put this in your hea
Let heauen require it with the Serpe
For if she be not honest, chaste, and t
There's no man happy, the purest of t
Is foule as slander.
Oth Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple b
That cannot say as much: this is a sub
A closet, locke and key, of villainous
And yet she'l kneele and pray, I ha te
Enter Desdemon
Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes--looke i
Des What horrible fancy, s this?
Oth Some of your function Mistri
Leane procreants alone, and shut the
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispa
Des. Vpon my knees, What does yo
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.